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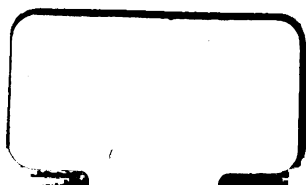


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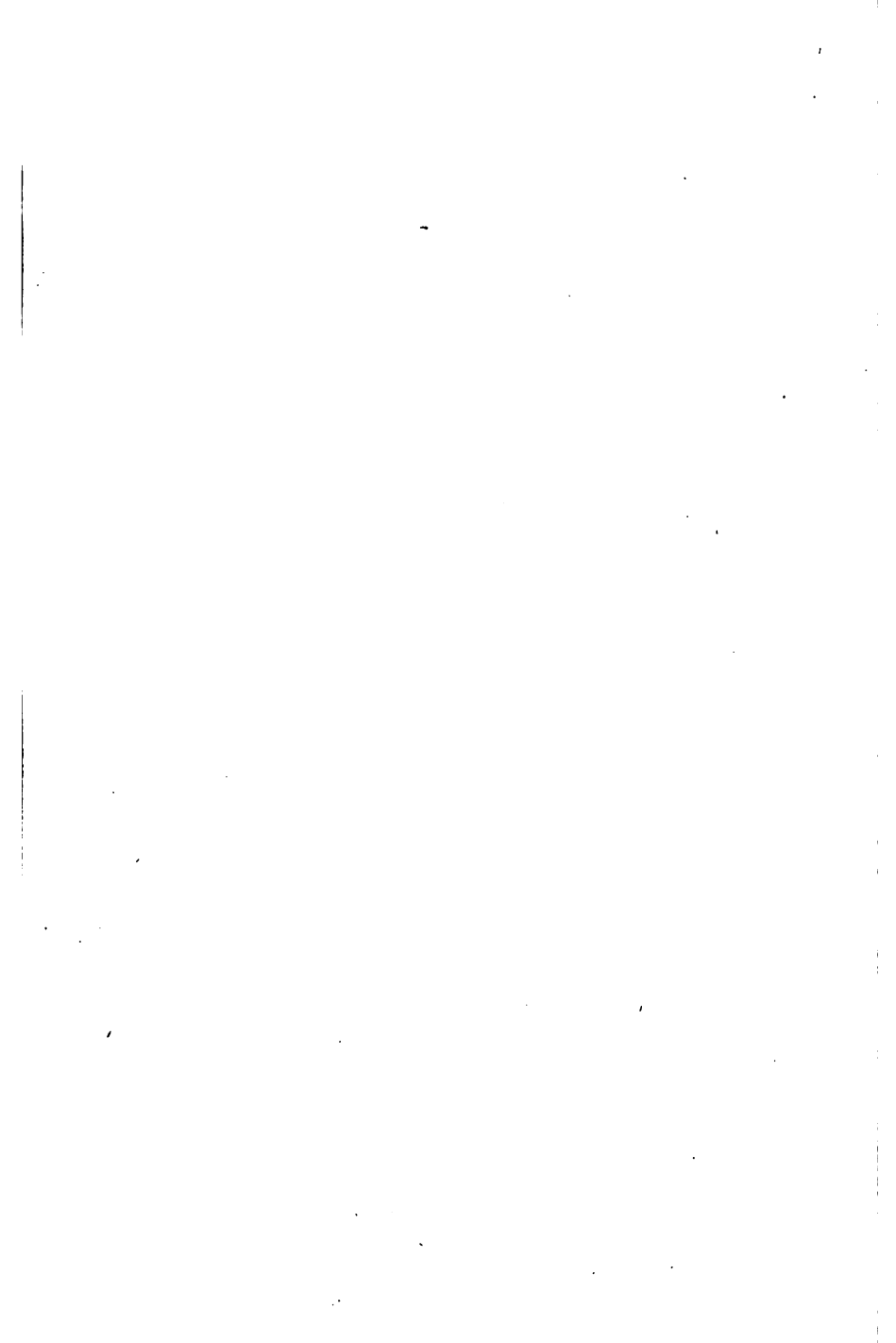
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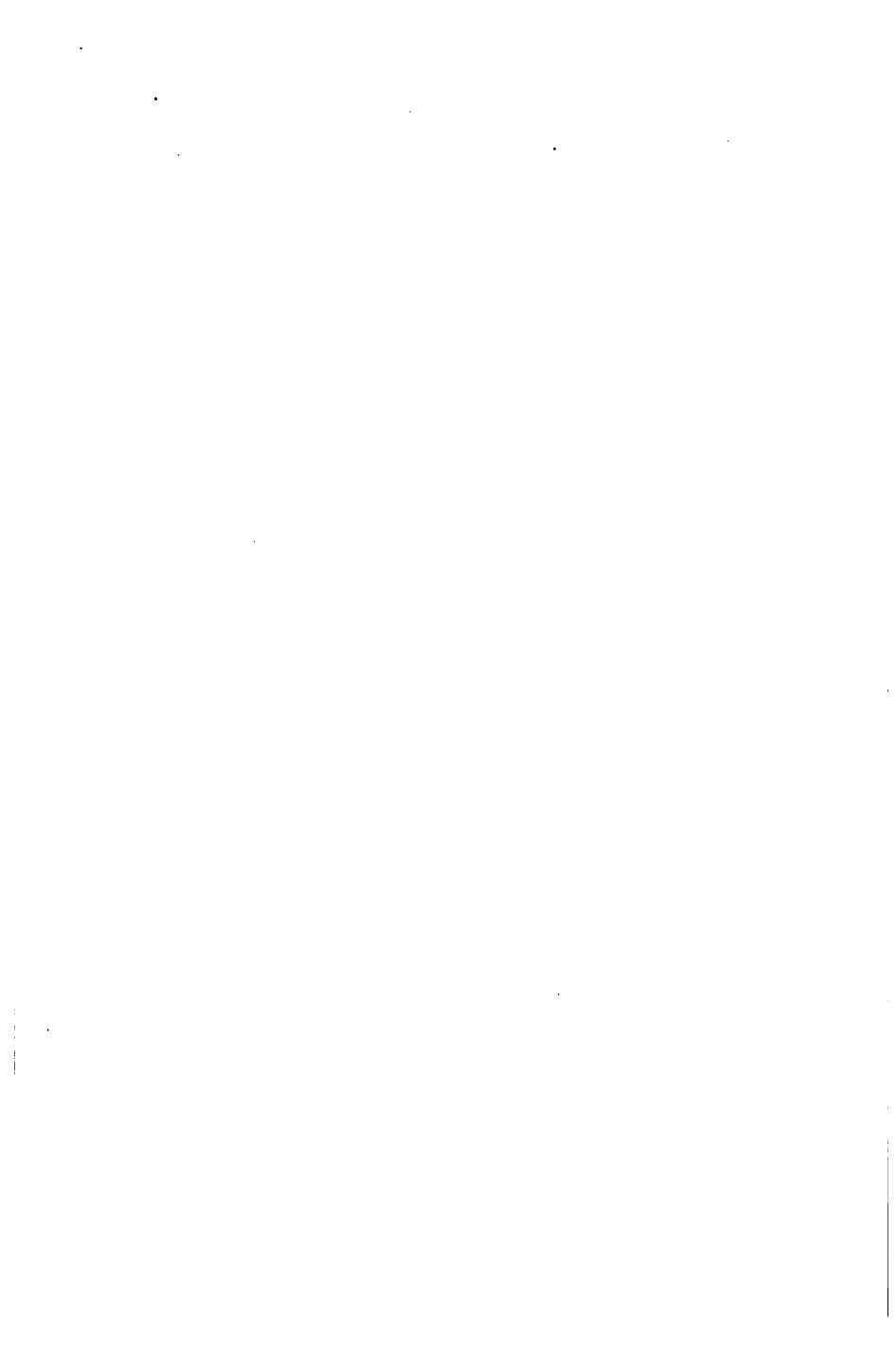


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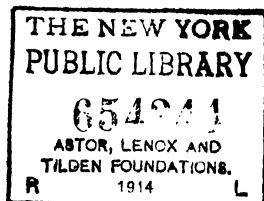
JESSIE WISEMAN GIBBS



BOSTON

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1918



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TO
MY HONORED FRIEND AND TEACHER
DR. OREN BRADSHAW WAITE
IN MEMORY OF
CLASSROOM DAYS
WHEN HE UNVEILED FOR US
THE GLORY OF GOD
IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST

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O WORD!

O word that dost elude my pen, my lips, my
brain,
Word that my straining spirit swoons inly to
attain,
Word to which all the words of men are impo-
tent and vain—
Pure flower of words, white star of thought,
somewhere divinely plain!

Thou movest in the millions, to do they dream
not what;
Thou thrillest senseless matter, and yet we
catch thee not;
Thou calledst me to being, and yet I have for-
got;—
O word ineffable, of God's own lips alone begot!

I shall not win the thought I crave, nor speak,
nor show:
So seems it to my yearning; and yet not
wholly so,
Since all the bliss of Heaven is measured by
the woe
We spend in striving for its light, and wres-
tling, here below.

My brain must sweat, my pen must toil, my lips
must pray,
Till some that have not thought nor sought
shall pause and say,
“What means the song? How sweet it were if
this dull clay
Could know the thing that it would sing and
melt in bliss away!”

So let me sing, although my song soar never
near
The word itself, but only chant, “How sweet it
were to hear!”
Let my soul’s anguish bear me on, till the black
gates appear
Through which the immortal Word of Life shall
greet me, full and clear!

THE POET'S PRAYER

THROUGH the thick atmosphere of years
When every mountain high
And every grove its heathen altar bears,
And righteous rulers die,*

Comes to the yearning poet's sight
The prophet vision old
Of the unseen—unfettered floods of light—
With voices manifold.

And as he strains to hold it fast,
It quivers into wings;
And as his whole soul listens, clear at last,
With one acclaim it sings,

"O holy, holy, all Heaven bows!
The Lord of Hosts is He!
The whole earth with his glory overflows,
Who was, and is to be!"

And lifting high his sight to where
The seraphs start the word,
Upon a throne, unutterably fair,
The poet sees the Lord.

* 1901.

Then anguish strikes the poet, "Woe
Is me, I am a man
Of unclean lips, and all my people go
In sin, since time began!

"How shall I live? O vain to speak!
My own false Sibboleth
Betrays me from the kindred of the weak
And dooms me to my death!

"O living Fount of Being, Thou
Whose heart alone is pure,
Send down thy seraph with his live coal now
To work his burning cure!

"Purge out the dross and stain of earth;
Thy light in me unroll,
Until I know my own eternal worth—
A liberated soul!

"Till I no longer feel the doubt
Of them that know Thee not,
But hold thy truth within and speak it out,
All fear of men forgot!

"Till never veil shall flutter more
Between my word and me,
But all my breath in utterance outpour
The things I hear and see!"

GOD'S WONDERS

God laid not all his wonders bare
Before the eyes of men,
But some He hung in spaces rare
Beyond their fancy's ken.

And some He sifted through the air,
Too fine to be discerned,
And some He dropt in ocean, where
Unquenchably they burned.

And some He hid in caves of earth,
And some within the forms
That come and go in death and birth,
And some He masked in storms.

And when man thought he knew her face,
He bent his back to dig
Into the great earth's secret place,
With gold and jewels big.

And not content with depths of clay,
He dived beneath the sea—
Beheld through dimly filtered ray
New realms of mystery;

And made him eyes of glass to watch
The dusts that air immerse,
And other eyes of glass to catch
Dusts of the universe.

And thus from age to age he finds
God working everywhere,
And each new miracle reminds
Him of his infant prayer.

A PRAIRIE ROSE

I WILL not call thee rose,
For thou art not a thing—
The flame that on me glows
Is but thine earthward wing.

Thou art a thought of God,
His loving thought for me,
Breathed through my native clod
Where I can feel and see.

“Heaven is not hid above:
Fear not, O child of care,
I am thy Father, and my love
Is round thee, like the air.”

Someone will pluck the rose,
But it will fade and die;
God's thought within me grows
And blooms eternally.

A COUNTRY RAMBLE

My long trudge through the heat
Has made the scene more sweet.
The railroad track behind,
I wander with the wind
Beneath a prairie sky
Wide as the All-seeing Eye,
Filled with such melting hues
As might themselves diffuse
About the unblinded sight
Of Him whose life is light.

O deep and silent sky,
Deep as infinity,
Calm as eternity—
What native majesty
Glows in thine outstretched wings
That brood o'er man and things
With tender, yearning love,
Yet stoop not from above!

The showers have left the grasses meet
To bear unsoiled a fairy's shining feet.
O never have I seen so subtle green
(That might be light, but for its deeper sheen)
As threads the brookside now;
Nor witnessed water flow
With such transparent bliss

Through light and shade, as this.
Pure little streamlet, tell
Me from what hidden well
Thou pourest forth thy heart,
That I may seek thine art!

Those clouds of willows seem
To hang above the stream,
As though their splendor grew
But from the upper view
Of its sweet purity;
All mystical they lie
Upon its waving breast,
Living, yet lulled to rest.

How is't I love thee so,
But that thou art for me
And I akin to thee?
Dear Nature let us grow!
This is God's world,
God's love unfurled,
And nothing is forlorn;
In Nature's arms faith cannot die:
God's world is good, and so am I,
'Tis well that I was born!

THE WINDS AND THE STORMS OF JEHOVAH

THE winds and the storms of Jehovah
Swept over the mountain in wrath;
The forest of beauty majestic
Lay straight in their terrible path.

The towering trees of the forest
Flung up their great arms side by side,
"Thy winds and thy storms, O Jehovah,
Withhold them, withhold them!" they cried.

"Lo, here on this altar eternal
We serve Thee by day and by night;
We leap into life at thy bidding;
We mount into joy in thy sight.

"O spare us to worship before Thee!
Turn back thy fierce weapons in haste,
Ere the life and the love of thy creatures
Lie dead in a desolate waste!"

The winds and the storms of Jehovah
Sped steadily on to the wood;
They struck it with crashing of thunder
That shook all the ground where it stood.

They struck it with flashing of lightning
More bright than the middle of day,
That printed its writhing contortions
On darkness, then vanished away.

With sobs as of giants in anguish
The forest resounded with woe;
With crackling of bones that were broken
The valley re-echoed below.

In pain and in terror and passion
The trees wrestled all through the night
With the winds and the storms of Jehovah—
Jehovah, who guarded his height.

But after the struggle, in blessing,
Great tears dropt the storm o'er the wood,
And it lifted itself at the dawning
In chastened and penitent mood.

More patient and still for its weakness,
More tender and pure for its tears,
It bowed in the grace of submission,
"Forgive, O Jehovah, our fears."

Then bright shone the sun o'er the mountain;
A voice still and small, as of peace,
Spoke clear in the marvelous silence,
"Thy vision the Lord shall increase.

“Look forth in the valley below thee,
Look down at thy feet on the soil,—
Behold what the winds of Jehovah
Have wrested from thee for their spoil.

“They scatter the slope and the valley—
Dead branches that hung like a frown—
No longer ye raised them to Heaven;
Ye could not, yourselves, lay them down.

“And yonder the ranks that are fallen
Were fair as the fairest to see,
But rotten and weak at the center,
They perished, unworthy of thee.

“Those boughs that were sunken with fruitage
Have learned it is better to give
Their burden of life and of beauty
That something below them may live.

This rugged stem wounded with lightning—
’T will reach through the ages to come
A luminous hand in the darkness
To point the lost wanderer home.

“And he that was pride of the forest,
That fell in his beauty and power,
Has bridged the black chasm of peril,
That lay in thy depths till this hour.

“And lo, one who seeks for the summit
This moment the broad trunk has trod
And hastens with joy to the heavens
And stands in the presence of God.”

Then calm in the hallowed silence
The forest uplifted the strain,
“Thy mercy endureth forever!
Amen, and forever, Amen!”

NATURE AND PRAYER

I LOVE to brood on a river
And feel that God is calm
And that He pours forever
A life-restoring balm.

I love to bend o'er a blossom
And feel that God is pure,
That on his tender bosom
My soul may rest secure.

I love to stand in a forest
And feel that God is great
And hark the anthem chorused
Through aisles of native state.

I love to look on a mountain
And feel God is sublime
And find my soul abound in
The strength to rise and climb.

I love to roam o'er the prairie
And feel that God is wide,
Nor time nor space can carry
My soul beyond his side.

I love to walk by the ocean
And feel that God is strong,
That through earth's vast commotion
Right yet must conquer wrong.

I love to gaze on the night sky
And feel that God is wise,
Until it grow a bright sky
Lumined with Paradise.

And oft I love to bow me
Alone before my God,
Until He stoop to show me
The comfort of his rod.

TO A CAGED BIRD

THOU little restless form
That chirpest in thy cage,
Thou wast not made to feel the storm,
Or know the wild wind's rage.

Nay, cruel were the sin
To send thee forth to roam—
Thou wouldst be lost and frightened in
The oak tree's leafy dome.

Thou couldst not find thy food,
Nor rustic fount to sup,
But I must choose thee what is good
And bring it in a cup.

Thou couldst not read the signs
And wonders that foretold,
In livid flames and hazy lines,
The coming of the cold;

Nor o'er the shivering wood
Couldst wing thy distant way;
Nor guess if greener forests stood
In Maine or Paraguay.

Thou hast forgot the spring
Of splendor veiled in showers;
Thou hast forgot the eager wing
That fanned the budding flowers.

Thy wilder note is hushed,
And let the art of man—
The freedom of thy nature crushed—
Restore it if she can.

O there are human birds
Shut in their houses strong,
Who never know the depth of words,
As thou dost not of song.

Their mouths are filled with mirth,
With wit and learning sage,
But they have never seen God's earth
That lies beyond their cage.

They have forgot the sounds
By woodland muses thrilled;
They have forgot the spreading grounds
Their stalwart fathers tilled.

O let me be the bird
That joyous builds her nest
Where all the blasts of March are heard,
And warms it with her breast!

Who does not fear to dwell
Beneath the open sky,
But feels her song in rapture swell
At its infinity!

Whose lamps are stars above,
Whose floor the blooming sod,
Whose only prison walls are love,
Whose minister is God!

TO A WREN

WEE birdie, do not flit—

I own I'm wrong
To be so heavy knit
With care; thy song

Bubbling from its golden springs,
Falls in bright rain
Such as warms frost-bound things
To life again.

Drenched in my prison-room,
I, too, relent;
Of mine own wintry gloom
And fear repent.

My opening heart doth drink,
Nor wonders how
The Lord of Life bade think
On such as thou!

NEIGHBOR ORIOLE

NEIGHBOR oriole, if you knew
How your singing thrills my heart,
You'd not hide yourself from view
With so shy an art.

Why can you not feel my smile?
Why can my heart's love not reach
Back again and yours beguile
With my human speech?

I would have you come and build
Here in mine your nest of joy,
Where the tempest's wrack is stilled,
Where no foes annoy.

You should have a downy bed
And your little ones should grow
Unafraid, unfailing fed,
Spite of drouth or snow.

So you would but be my guest,
You should come and go at will,
Homing from each airy quest
All my house to fill

With the Heaven of your song,
Till a nest of singing grew
Even within my breast, made strong
By that rapture true;

All my hours of gloom to soothe
With that liquid tenderness;
Waking deeper founts of youth
Through my deep distress.

Ah, God knows, no doubt, I care
For you thus but selfishly;
So He smiles and keeps you there
With Him in the sky.

Or, perhaps, He means to call
Me from out my dark house through
Your wild singing, and enthrall
Me with Heaven, too.

THREE WINDOWS

THREE windows men look through on Paradise:
The first is the clear crystal of the skies;
The second is a maiden's lifted eyes;
The third the cross whereon the Lord Christ
dies.

For him who blots from men the firmament,
Who taints with shame those glances innocent,
Who mocks the hope of sinners penitent,
'Twere better he in blackest Hell were pent.

MODERN MOTHER

Lowly down I bow before thee,
 Offspring of my human love,
All my hoarded heart outpour thee,
 For thou, too, art from above!
 Angel with the lily wand
Whispered me in words immortal,
 Words none else could understand,
Thou hadst slipped the heavenly portal!

Never heard I sounds of singing
 Such as rang above thy birth;
Never saw I starlight flinging
 Such pure luster o'er the earth;
 Never felt I love so deep,
Never peace so richly broken,
 As we thrilled with 'round thy sleep,
As fell on thy crib, unspoken!

Surely Heaven has opened upon us!
 Surely in thine innocence
The Immaculate hath won us
 To abiding penitence!
 Surely in thy life begins
All the power of recreation
 That shall cleanse us from our sins,
That shall work in us salvation!

Lowly Babe of Bethlehem's manger,
Thou dost scorn it not in me
That I find this heavenly stranger
In my bosom, type of Thee!
'Tis thy halo on his brow;
'Tis thine angels singing o'er him;
'Tis thy love within us now,
As we lay our gifts before him!

THE CHILD AND I

I WALKED with bent, contracted brow
Preoccupied and slow,

When up there ran a little child,
And with an absent instinct mild,
Half vacantly, I smiled.

And all her face beamed up in mine
With its blue eyes ashine

With joy to shame my senses dull,
So little of "love's miracle"
Had filled her heart so full!

And Thou, O God, dost smile on me
As I were all to Thee,

And in thy love's divinest ray
I grope disconsolate, and stray,
And empty turn away!

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

O sit not chill and cheerless,
But fill thy house with light;
Nor let thine eye be tearless,
But gather in thy sight
Thy dear beloved, and fearless
A stranger more invite!

Pile high the roaring ingle;
Set forth the feast and bring
The fir-tree in to mingle
Your hearts in magic ring,
While children's voices tingle—
To-day a Child is King!

O think not on the morrow
And have not any care;
In mirth drown every sorrow
And joyous holly wear;
Of childhood's heart go borrow
An hour of glee most rare!

And let's forget the grudges
That yesterday we bore;
And he that harshly judges,
Let him do so no more;
And he that blindly drudges,
Let him to-day give o'er.

Hold high the cup of gladness ;
Let every heart o'erflow ;
Sing out the holy madness
Of angels long ago,
Till all the world of sadness
Thrills to its core of woe.

For Christ is born from Heaven,
The Gift beyond degree :
A Son to us is given
And King of Love is He ;
His kingdom is as leaven
That works in you and me.

THORNS

ONCE the young thorns grew tender
Upon the Hebrew hills,
As soft and green and slender
As grass beside the rills.

But when the days were ended
That they were fully grown,
Like barbs of steel they blended
To form the Savior's crown.

O selfish thoughts deceiving,
That look so little now,
Another crown are weaving
To pierce his holy brow.

Then crush the thorn-plant springing,
O Child, within thy heart,
And palms of joy and singing
Shall in his praises start.

A TOAST

HERE's a health
(And no stealth!)
To the full dinner pail
And the empty jail,
To a song and a stride,
To a warm fireside,
To children and wife,
To the pure joys of life,
To peace and content,
To a manhood unspent,
To the head's clear command,
To the skill of the hand,
To the heart's open span—
To the wealth of a man!
Come, clink it and drink it, in nature's own
spirit—
Pure water, health's fountain—all cheer it!

WHAT COURAGE?

THERE is a courage that is born of pride,
Emblazoned forth in purple and in gold,
That tramples down the weak with lofty stride
And cries to all the nations to behold.

THERE is a courage that is born of love,
Once on the painful cross of Calvary won,
That strains in blood to lift the world above
And cries aloud in faith, "It shall be done!"

What courage bears us o'er the western sea?
What shout of ours awakes the watery miles?
What faith upbears them, O our God, to
Thee—
Those lands of Promise—those Pacific Isles?

THANKSGIVING, 1898

In the Spring the sturdy farmer
 Strewed in earth his seeds of gold,
Now the plenteous hand of nature
 Yields him back a hundred fold;
The fields are all unburdened,
 As the weary beast, for rest;
The farmer sits by his fireside:
 The name of the Lord be blest!

In the Spring the patriot soldier
 Scattered lead beyond the sea
And the harvest of his sowing
 Is a people's liberty;
Now is the bloodstained island
 Where Spanish cannon blazed
Alight with freedom's banner:
 The name of the Lord be praised!

In the Spring the loving mother
 Kissed the son she bore in pain
And in second mortal travail
 She delivered him again;
Her solemn, silent harvest,
 The harvest of the slain:
God's pity on the mothers
 Who weep to-day like rain!

DEAD! *

He whom we love is dead!
Our Chief—our chosen Guide—
Another martyr patriot soul has sped
Out on the unseen tide!

Dead in a time of peace!
Dead in an hour of joy!
Dead as they thronged him in their love's in-
crease,
Past murder to destroy!

Bowed down with grief and shame,
Bereaved, the nation waits;
Her 'wildered children but repeat his name
About the city gates,

Saying, "O flag he loved,
Droop from your lofty mast;
Droop, till the last vain babbler is reprov'd
And pride to woe has past!"

Saying, "O face of him,
Look from the darkness yet,
Calm as of old; our throbbing eyes are dim;
Our cheeks are passion wet!"

* 1901.

O God, and must it be—
We bid the stranger come,
And find, instead of angel ministry,
A serpent's in our home?

O how earth faints to-day!
How pours our anguished breath
To Him the dear dead, living to obey,
Could seek his face in death!

Lo, He is by our side;
We fall before his feet;
"Hadst Thou been here, our brother had not
died,"
Our broken tones repeat.

"We heard thy Voice say 'Come!'
We echoed forth the word—
'Come, make the land of liberty thy home!
Let him come who hath heard!'"

O hearing, *had* we heard
That Voice, "Come unto Me,"
This were our cry, "O come unto the Lord!
Let the Son make you free!"

If this be not our cry,
By her three martyred chiefs,
The fair Republic sinks in anarchy,
Foul crimes and unbeliefs!

THE YELLOW CURSE

O not the yellow plague
Wherewith the south winds scourge
Our coasts to east, nor west
What yellow perils surge—
But what from our own gates
We have not strength to purge:

The yellow scandal sheet;
The yellow spectacle,
Speech, picture, song, that make
The yellow play-house spell;
The yellow drink saloon,
Dance maelstrom, white-slave Hell.

And I say our young men's strength
Is wasted at its spring;
And I say our maidens' lips
Do touch the unclean thing;
And our dotards lick it up,
As a dog its vomiting.

And my soul is sick in me
And I may not hold my peace,
For the wounds of this great scourge
Do everywhere increase,
And its putrefying sores
Are a stench that does not cease.

And I say the root of all
Is the yellow lust of gold,
And while we reach our hands
Are our sons and daughters sold,
Soul and body, in our sight,
And we will not loose our hold.

And I say it is an age
That has no saving sight,
Wherein the price of blood
Is thirty pieces bright,
And the God of it is less
Than a cup that turns aright.

For I know, Lord Christ, if Thou
Were once within our thought,
We could not see the souls
For which thy passion wrought,
Nor thy broken body's flesh,
So lightly sold and bought.

OUR PEACE

AMERICA, unto thee flow
All nations now, with one accord,
Trusting in thee at last to know
That mountain of the Lord.

In thy new world the old world meets,
Seeking the final truth of men,
Desiring, in thy city streets
Even, to be born again.

Yea, thou dost travail to beget
A living body and one soul
Of ends of all the earth, and set
Christ's peace upon the whole.

And if thou labor not in vain,
But loose in love the races furl'd
In the new birth of thy domain,
Thou dost it for the world.

But Thou, O Prince of Peace, must give
Us godlike strength, to agonize
In faith of the unseen, and live
Through deathly sacrifice.

MY COUNTRY'S KING

ONCE lying lips of state declared,
 "We have no king but Cæsar," when
They braved their Heaven-sent King and dared
 Deny Him before men.

But for my land it hath sufficed—
 And O, may this her glory be—
To own Thee through the world, great Christ,
 And have no King but Thee!

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

'Tis well our little ones should know
The laws of numbers and of words,
And pull in pieces flowers to show
Their parts, and mark the birds.

'Tis needful they should glibly say
What cities through the earth abound,
And name each distant peak and bay,
And tell why earth is round;

Explain about her inner heat
And outer oceans, storms and shocks;
Describe her rivers, and repeat
The Latin names of rocks;

And answer why the sky is blue,
And how the planets are not stars,
And how they move and shine, and who
Discovered lines on Mars.

'Twould not be just were they not taught
How states of old arose and fell,
What bloody heroes raged and fought
And filled the earth with Hell;

Or how, more wise, in modern times,
A nobler race of heroes stood
To war against those ancient crimes
And for the common good.

But He who is the Life of all,
Upon whose cross turns history,
Without whose inward help we fall,
Whose truth alone makes free—

To whom all might of earth is weak,
To whom all light of earth is dim,—
They may not of His glories speak
Nor learn to come to Him.

Even the mothers now no more
Gather their little ones from play
To come to the great Master, nor
His blessing on them pray.

No more He takes them in his arms,
No more his hands that heal and bless
Forestall the sicknesses and harms
With their divine caress.

Nay, blinder, wickeder than they
Who would not children should annoy
The Lord, we suffer not to-day
Himself to touch our boy.

Our fathers, who upon this sod
Planted a nation free and true,
In knowledge and in fear of God—
What would they say, think you,

To see the generation we
Are rearing, like the godless fool,
With heathen lust for liberty,
Bred in a Christless school?

No politician I, nor one
That evil gladly prophesies,
Yet know, for this that we have done,
Our land shall pay the price!

A price that even now begins
To take her life, and none can stay—
Of unbelief and nameless sins,
Foul crimes, and swift decay!

TEACH US TO PRAY

THE world absorbs us wholly ; we are as
Children, whose minds are bounded all with
play,
Heedless of the great care the father has :
Teach us to pray, O Christ, teach us to pray !

Our lives are in the things that we possess ;
Our cheapened bodies less than their display ;
Our meat is more than that it nourishes :
Teach us to pray, O Christ, teach us to pray !

Yea, we consume our neighbor in his need,
Unmindful how God sends the blessed day
On all—mocking his mercy with our greed :
Teach us to pray, O Christ, teach us to pray !

No more Heaven's light is on us, who no more
Desire to walk by its life-giving ray ;
Lost is the sight of that immortal shore :
Teach us to pray, O Christ, teach us to pray !

MORNING COLLECT

Father, we thank Thee for the morning light;
We thank Thee for the truth that we may
 know;
We thank Thee for our might, found in thy
 might;
We thank Thee for our labor in Thy sight;
We trust Thee for the increase as we sow;
Grant us Thy blessing now, and with us go.

MORNING PRAYER

FATHER, I would that I might see
Thy will toward me;
That from mine eyes the scales might fall
And I behold
Thy truth in all
Its ancient strength of purity,
With power untold
To make me free.

Father, I would that I might be
Forgot in Thee;
That all my soul were open so
To thy love's glow
That everything I say
And do, this day,
Might flow from Thee, through me.

ASSURANCE

THOU, Father, canst not lose thy child,
For though he pass, unmarked of men,
Through surging street or wilding glen,
His steps to Thee are still defiled.

Or if he toss the rolling sea,
Or lost in deepest mine explore,
Or languish on a foreign shore,
He still is near and dear to Thee.

Or whelmed by tempests if he shout
Unheard in sounding wind and flood,
Or thirsty deserts drink his blood,
Thy saving care will find him out.

The elements, at thy command,
Shall render back whom Thou begot,
And death and Hell shall hold him not,
And none shall pluck him from thy Hand.

SATISFACTION

A RED day broke: the farmer crawled
Mole-eyed through his furrows; densely palled
In stupors lay the town; but wide
Fluttered one attic window high
Where a lone heart drank the brimming sky;—
And God was satisfied.

Dark æons lapsed: the ceaseless moil
Of nature's forces wrought a toil
Unknown, unknowing, blindly pent;
At length arose the mind to con
Rock, field and flood, and think thereon;
And God was well content.

A priceless life was lost in ways
Of pain and want and little praise,
Nor ever bartered hope for pelf,
But battled on; nor ever came
Into its own; God smiled, for fame,
And took it to Himself.

THE HEART OF STONE

O THAT my heart were softened, that its crust
Of gathered artifice were shook to dust!
That its cold central stone
Once more might groan,
Smitten beneath the hand that wieldeth pain,
Till it should throb again,
Till it should break afresh,
A heart of flesh!

O that my guilt were opened, that its core
Were blazed through earth and sky
And on the farthest shore;
That whosoever looked me in the eye
Might there explore
The secret of my inmost shame, and cry,
"Unclean! Unclean!" and flee
My livid leprosy!

O that repentance like an avalanche
Would shatter me; would tear me, root and
branch,
From out this bedded past; would sweep me
hence
To that great Valley where experience
Is sifted, and the sacred seed of soul
Plucked forth, alone and whole!

Behold I, who betrayed
My soul's deep trust, have prayed!

Is there no arm that wieldeth pain?
Is there no eye to know my stain?
Is there no power to strike repentance down
Where strong desire has grown?

Great God, I cry, I cry!
By my own guilt I try
Thy Being, and I know that Thou art nigh!
I utter all to Thee—
Know Thou my infamy—
Yea, every thought of me!
Search all my hidden part—
Beat down my barren heart—
Lash from its lethargy
The latent smart!
Let thy face shine on me, God, as Thou art,
Fearful in holiness,
Till I confess!

So may repentance come to me at last;
So may I break these bands of death, and cast
Them from me in the furnace of Thy wrath;
So may that seething bath,
Dissolving all that time hath wrought, and
 shame,
Go through me, like a flame;
Leave me renewed;
Leave my heart dewed
With the lost faith and truth,
Reverence, love, humility, of youth!

NEW LIFE

LIGHT from out of night,
Whence unfurled,
Issuing with might
On the world—
Lifting drench and gloom
Into bloom—
Thrilling air with voice
To rejoice!

Lily from the mud,
How camest thou,
Pure expanding bud,
Bursting now—
Spreading all thy white
To the light—
Baring all thy heart
To its dart?

Lily maiden, sprung
From hard loins,
Toil and travail wrung—
Say, how coins
Nature from such mints
Such fair tints—
Virgin ecstasy,
Cheek and eye?

God, who dost create
All things new,
Dost regenerate,
Wash with dew,
Sullied light and life,
After strife,
Giving a new birth
To all earth—

See me where I stand—
Where I bow—
Burning with the brand
On my brow—
Darkened all within
By my sin—
Sinking 'neath the weight
Of its fate;—

Enter into me
With thy might—
Wash me—set me free
In thy sight;—
Let me yield and die
Where I lie—
Breathe in me thy true
Life anew.

CRY OF THE SPIRIT

O my Maker, make me strong!
Wildering this press and throng,
And its way unfathomed long!

Make me strong to seek thy Face
In the secret, inner place—
In the cloud lines of a race;

Strong to own a darkened span,
Yielding not my spark of man,
Doubting not thy larger plan;

Strong to trust when tumults sway;
Strong to weep, and still to pray;
Strong to wait the fuller day;

Strong for all unselfish heed;
Strong to give, from out my need;
Strong to smile while pulses bleed;

Strong to wreck not of the strain,
Finding Thou art more than pain,
Death is higher birth again.

O my Maker, make me strong!
Men and years to Thee belong!
Tune me to their endless song!

A PSALM OF THE SPIRIT

WHAT am I, that I should fail?
Not of mine own self I came
And my wisdom cannot frame
All I may be; I but know
Paths by which I came do glow:
Royal lineage is mine,
Reaching back to the divine!

What shall bid my bosom quail?
For a strength I cannot plumb
Unto mine own strength doth come:
Underneath an Arm I feel;
At a touch of Love I kneel,
And my heart, from strong desire,
Leaps to sudden flames of fire!

Naught can over me prevail!
Thou, O God, dost succor me
By thy Spirit; I am free;
What I find to do I can;
None can hinder—fiend nor man;
They who set themselves my foes
Thine omnipotence oppose!

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

No cold blade thou of deadly steel,
But living brand of breath of God,
That wounds and scarifies to heal
And buds, like Aaron's rod.

Yea, though in wrath thou smitest sore,
In mercy, more than surgeon's knife,
For as thou rendest to the core,
Thou givest life.

REVELATION

Out of the heart of being,
Out of the deep unknown,
Into the world of seeing,
He came, unto his own.

All starlight dim and hoary
In Him did gathered shine;
He was the longed-for glory
And Son of the Divine.

And yet they took and slew Him—
They crushed Him on a tree—
Because they never knew Him,
Nor having eyes, did see.

But when his heart was broken
And Heaven went out in night,
Then they confest the token
He was the God of Light.

UNCHANGED

WHEN we behold the scatheless youth
That clothed Him as He trod,
Our hearts still cry aloud the truth—
“Behold the Lamb of God!”

Still, still, with impulse true and warm,
Our souls transcend the clod
And own his resurrection form—
“My Master, and my God!”

THE PRESENT NEED

SPEAK not of ism nor scism, nor
Of changeless creed
Nor flawless screed;
I know the need—
I know what this age fainteth for:
The Christ of God,
Who lowly trod,
Who lived and died and rose again
And ever lives and prays for men.

Break down the centuries, ye hands
That guard the things of life—where stands
The Saviour, point ye out the way:
Naught hath sufficed
Till we, today,
Have touched again the living Christ.

SON OF MAN

O THOU who wert the Son
Of Man, Thou knowest this
Our life, nor needst that anyone
Tell Thee what in us is!

Our fell ambition's fire;
The world that would enmesh
Our souls; the weakness, strong desire,
And shrinking of our flesh,—

All these Thou feltest, too;
Yet freely, without sin,
Walkedst our earth ways, even to
The grave, and entering in

Didst break its bands and rise
Conqueror o'er all our foes,
And perfect glory of the skies
Before us didst disclose.

Therefore we cry to Thee
In all our human need
And hope in thy great life to be
Alive and free indeed!

PEACE, BE STILL!

ONCE the sea of tumbling waves,
 Stung and startled by the wind,
Lashing from its hidden caves,
 Found One standing, unconfined,
In the fury—through the roar
 Heard his "Peace, be still!" and from
Tumult ceasing, to the core,
 Sunk and settled into calm.

So humanity's vast sea,
 Torn by passion, blindly wrought,
At its heart, unquenchably,
 Finds the working of his thought;
Through all agitations hears
 His unfettered "Peace, be still!"
Shame its raging, calm its fears,
 Master all its restless will.

STANZAS FOR A HOSPITAL

O HAPPIEST of men, whose fate
Upon some bed of pain to lie,
Or wander, leprous, desolate,
Where Jesus Christ passed by!

Ye weak and worn and weary ones,
Here doth his pathway reappear;
And with the passing of the suns,
O may ye find Him here!

THE RIDDLE OF THE NAZARENE

I AM lost in saving,
Found in giving;
Hid to pride of knowing,
Known in living;
Who my blessed power would win
Must have felt the curse of sin.

MY WITNESS

Out of the unseen mystery
Into the mystery seen,
The world and life and history,
I come—what doth it mean?

I question the deep waters—
They cannot answer me;
Not all heaven's starry daughters
Can give me light to see.

I ask the long procession
That come from the world's dawn
Into this vast possession
A moment, and are gone:

Their words are a confusion
Of many gods and none
Till all seems a delusion
And snare, beneath the sun.

I mark each world upheaval
Subsiding in the pit;
Muse on all good and evil,
And cannot fathom it.

My desolate soul breaketh
To know a God above;
Some voice within me waketh
And crieth for his love.

Then down the clouds of glory
And over the wild sea,
Out from all ancient story
And all that is to be,

One Form divine, resistless,
Emerges on my soul,
That erst distraught or listless,
Leaps up to be made whole.

Thou Son of God, my being
Declares Thee, who Thou art!
In thy light I have seeing,
All secrets of my heart

Come from their graves with trembling,
All devilish sins confess;
All doubt and all dissembling
Fade in thy perfectness!

Thy love as lightning reaches
My spirit through the clod
And claims it thine, and teaches
Me love and Thou art God!

The world is filled with Heaven;
All earth and sky and sea
Perceive the quickening leaven
And live and move in Thee!

What questioning remaineth?
What longing unfulfilled?
What hope but He attaineth?
What doubt but He hath stilled?

O ye that have not known Him
Are deaf and blind and dumb;
Awake, O dead, and own Him
And Heaven shall fully come!

JESUS, I COME TO THEE

JESUS, I come to Thee,
Leave all the world for Thee,
Yield all myself to Thee—
Grant but Thyself to me!

Grant but Thyself to me!
Be the new heart of me,
Shed thy great life in me,
Till I live new in Thee!

Till I live new in Thee,
Quickened, impelled, by Thee;
Till Thou be formed in me,
And I do show forth Thee!

FRIEND OF SINNERS

FRIEND of Sinners, faithful Friend,
Leave me not, unto the end!

Others flatter to my shame;
Thou dost show me what I am:

How my good is not the best—
How my ill goes unconfest;

Or, if I am mocked of them,
Thou alone dost not condemn.

Deep among the toil, the strife,
The anguish at my core of life,

Thou searchest still, and findst in me
The germ of whom I yet may be.

Thou lovest such an one, and I
Feel him leap in me for reply.

Friend of Sinners, faithful Friend,
Love, rebuke me, to the end;

Till this flesh-veil fade and fall
And I find Thee all in all!

CONFESSION

JESUS, I have fallen in sin:
Now I think on Thee, chagrin
Of hurt pride is not the worst
Pang I feel, but that I durst
Take upon myself thy name
And put Thee to an open shame!

Jesus, in my secret heart,
I have thought ill: Thou who art
All my life, too late I see
I have 'reft my soul of Thee,
Sent thy Spirit from my flesh
And wounded thy great heart afresh!

Jesus, in the clamorous crowd,
I have shrunk, confused and cowed,
Doubting thy divine control:
Now Thou lookest on my soul,
I confess my deep disgrace,
Who denied Thee to thy Face!

Yet what can I do but come
Back to Thee, my only home?
Thou dost call me by thy word
And I know Thou art the Lord!
Yea, I love Thee, Thou dost know,
Spite of all my bitter woe!

Save me from the miry clay!
Save me from the secret way!
Save me from the storms that rave!
Pluck my feet from out the grave!
Make me strong, at last, and free,
Like a rock to stand for Thee!

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS

O LORD, not for my sake,
Who am so little worth,
Who am but formed to wake
And perish in the earth—

Who shake in every wind,
Who am as water poured,
As vapor unconfined,
That cannot be restored—

Not for my sake I pray
Or strive, from sore defeat,
To rise and tread the way
Of thy remembered feet,

But for thy sake alone,
Who loved me and who died,
If Thou at last be shown
In me, and glorified.

I love thee, Lord, nor doubt
That virtue can appeal,
Nor frailty—I fade out;
Thou growest all in all.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

WHEN my helpless boat has toiled
Darkened hours where waters boiled,
And my straining oars but sleep,
Held and baffled in the deep—
When the wind is at its height—
In the darkest hour of night—
Then it is Thou comest to me,
Jesus, walking on the sea!

When my soul by doubt is torn
And I shudder back forlorn,
Dreading, in mine agony,
By some spectral foe to die—
Then it thy Voice I hear,
"Fear not: it is I: have cheer!"
Then I fall and cry to Thee,
"Lord, come into the boat with me!"

Then Thou comest, and thy will
Makes the winds and waters still.
While thy Being I adore,
Straightway are we at the shore!
Ruler, Thou, of wind and wave—
They shall never be my grave—
Lord, I put my trust in Thee!
Evermore my Pilot be!

MORNING WATCH

JESUS, ere the night depart,
Shed thy light within my heart;
Ere the world of men touch me,
Let me feel the touch of Thee.

Seal in me that inner light,
So to scan the day aright;
Charge me, in the world of men,
To put forth that touch again.

NOONDAY PRAYER

MASTER, my ear grows jaded;
From my mind
The clear, true tone has faded—
Let me find

Thy silence settle round me
As I pray,
The discords that confound me
Die away.

Hush me, till new dilating,
All my soul
Moves to thy love's vibrating,
Sure control.

EVENING PRAYER

NIGHT over one more day!
O Christ, who oft didst pray
 Out on some mountain height,
Star-lamps hung round about,
Man and his sin and doubt
For a brief hour shut out—
 Teach me to pray aright!

In the wide earth no rest—
No rest within my breast!
 I climb to solitude
Where the far star-lamps shine,
Hungry for the divine
Communion that was thine—
 Alone with the All-Good.

I feel Thee come and stand
And take me by the hand
 And breathe my voiceless prayer,
Until the calm returns,
While the whole heaven burns,
And all my spirit yearns
 To meet thine, bare.

My soul bows down to Thee,
Divine Epiphany,
 That bendest low to such

As come by weary stealth
To Thee; all life and health,
Peace, joy, all Heaven's wealth,
Flow from thy touch!

Forgive the vision lost
This day, the spirit tost,
The fear and wrong;
Lo, I come back to Thee,
Loving Thee utterly;
Send me to-morrow free
Forth to the throng!

TO A YOUNG CONVERT

Jesus is thy light
And thy way ;
Jesus is thy might
And thy stay.

Though all nature paint
Darkness, now ;
Though thy heart be faint,
Fear not thou.

Holding to his hand,
Thou art pure ;
Doing his command,
Free and sure.

In his love thou hast
All things thine ;
Loving Him, at last,
Thou'rt divine.

I WOULD YOU KNEW MY MASTER

I WOULD you knew my Master—
His worth is more than all
Men may conceive, and vaster
As they upon Him call.

His smile is Heaven's breaking;
His touch is Heaven's might;
He thrills the world to waking;
He gives the blind eyes sight.

His words are Heaven's manna;
His love is Heaven's gold;
The nations sing Hosanna
Whom He has fed of old.

He buys the slaves and makes them
Forever God's free-men;
The dead, when He awakes them,
They shall not die again.

He knows the heart of mortal
And He alone has power
To enter through its portal
With Heaven's immortal dower.

I would you knew my Master—
His heart for you doth bleed
Till you from all disaster
And death in Him be freed.

A THORNY WAY

A THORNY way, O Christ, thy feet do go,
And he who follows after
Must press the thorns, ev'n till the red drops
 flow,
While mockery and laughter
Ring in his ears from the loud thoroughfare
Where the world travels lightly, without care.

But O, 'tis Thou dost glimmer on ahead,
And looking backward beck'nest—
A look with potency to raise the dead—
Nor thine own blood-track reck'nest:
The thorns grow lilies and his wounds divine
To feel his life-blood flowing down with thine!

CALVARY'S HILL

In the midst of the ages,
All shadowy, still,
Like a tower that engages
The dark powers of ill,
Stands Calvary's Hill.

Away through the dust and
Fierce heat of the years,
In their hatred and lust and
Their blindness of tears,
Surge the man-swarms earth rears.

On the hilltop the fashion
Of a cross doth arise,
And hung there, with passion
Divine in his eyes,
A Son of Man dies.

From his shattered flesh going,
The hard trampled clod
With his life-blood is flowing—
The stern path He trod
Grows a river of God.

Its pulses, descending,
Increase hour by hour,
Through centuries spending
Their tide, till its power
All earth's arteries dower.

There is virtue and healing
And infinite love
In the flood that goes stealing
From the God-Man above
To the world's farthest cove.

Who drinks of this river,
He finds it within,
A fountain, forever
Outpouring, again,
His own life to men.

Till the will of the Father
In each heart be done
And the warring tribes gather
Together in one,
Through the love of the Son,

Who loved us and gave us
His life on the tree,
To quicken and save us,
And so set us free—
God's sons, even as He.

CHRIST AND THE PROUD SOUL

LOEDLY mortal,
At thy gate
I stand knocking—
Soon or late
Thou must hear, through
All thy state.

High thy palace,
Thy degree,
And I am not
Known to thee,
And thy porter—
Hurried he.

All within is
Beautiful:
For thy joyance
Thou didst cull
The full flower of
Many a soul.

All things hast thou
For delight:
Woman's love is
Thine this night
And thy children
Dance in sight.

Thronging, thronging,
Through thy door,
Press thy neighbors,
Me before—
And not one is
Sad or poor.

Yet I know that,
On a day,
Shall unbidden
Pass this way
One dread form no
Hand can stay.

He shall enter
And demand
What thou lovest
Dearest, and
Thou must yield it
To his hand.

Even the beam of
A clear eye,
Even the touch of
Sympathy,
Even the voice thou
Livest by.

And the dear form
That moved free
To some inner
Mystery,
Shall lie cold and
Dead to thee.

Though thou weep, it
Cannot hear;
Though thy neighbors
Gather near,
All their words are
Distant, drear.

Thou shalt put them
Forth, and cry,
Out of thy love's
Agony,
Almost yielding
Thee to die.

And the silence
Of the tomb
Shall ensue, and,
Through the gloom,
My lone knocking
Fill the room.

Then thy soul shalt
Hear in thee;
Thou shalt rise up
Breathlessly,
Haste and open
Unto Me,

Crying, "Master,
Didst thou bleed?
And art living
At our need?
Art Thou gate of
Life, indeed?"

After that, from
Out thy door,
Thou shalt mark the
Sad and poor,
And shalt ope to
Them thy store.

TO AN EARLY SPRING BLOSSOM

DEAR flower that liftest up,
Here in this rocky dell,
The glory of thy living cup—
Thou art a miracle!

Earth holds thee not, nor storm
Doth quell; frail as thou art,
Thou risest up and findst thy form
And openest thy heart.

Yet the gay butterfly
Or dusty gilded bee
That seeks thee out and sucks thee dry
Is miracle to thee.

Life climbs a steep, whose height
And depth in mystery dwell,
And 'twixt each stage and next is flight
Of the impossible.

There is a life a man
Feels stir at roots of him,
Nor all that range below him can
Once touch that fountain's brim.

It is not of the earth;
It rises on some shore
Remote, immortal, and its birth
Is life forevermore.

It bids submit this host,
This man of flesh, until
The incoming of the Holy Ghost
Regenerate his will;

To fight, since fight must be,
And overcome the world,
With only faith, and look to see
The peace of God unfurled.

O had we faith!—as thou,
Frail flower, dost spring and blow,
Bursting our wintry earth-clod now,
What image might we grow?

What glory shed abroad
At life's high pinnacle
Where spirit reaches up to God,
And all is possible?

Of these things not our head
Nor heart doth yet conceive,
But One hath lived and wrought and bled
That so we might believe;

Hath yielded up his breath
And fallen, as a seed,
Within the rocky tomb of death,
To bring us life, indeed.

THE UNSEEN KING

Dim descried among the ages
Moveth Christ, the King of Men,
Center of the storm that rages
Through them; can our darkened ken
Pierce the turmoil that still wages
Round Him—find Him out again?

Yet we all have felt his power
And the virtue that doth go
Forth from Him; have flocked with our
Evils after Him; we know
If we find Him, in that hour
He will save us: be it so!

Yea, we all have heard Him speaking,
For his accents evermore
With desire are seeking, seeking,
Men above the loud uproar;
With authority are breaking
Where their frenzy broke before.

In our age He is a presence,
Yet we long to see his Face;
Long to know the vital pleasance
Of his heavenly truth and grace;
To unfold his omnipresence
In all features of our race!

THE KING OF GLORY

Time was when Christian knights turned back
On the dark world, to quest afar
A heavenly shore, whose light was more
Than mortals dream in sun or star.

Heroic souls! Their valor won
The long crusade, and led the way
Whereby we stand in that blest land
And hear the King of Glory say,

"Return, ye sons of men, return!
Take up the swords your sires let fall!
Each bathe his own before the throne
In heavenly light, then gather all

"Without the gate; for this ye came—
For this my heavenly kingdom see—
To turn once more to that dark shore
And conquer earth and men for Me!"

OUR CAPTAIN KING

We are the armies of King Christ;
The King Himself doth lead us on;
The deserts flow with streams and blow
With flowers, where we have gone.

Full many a sink of foul disease,
That rots and festers in our path,
When we do smite with swords of light,
Gives up the dead it hath.

We cleanse the pools, we slay the beasts
That prey on human life, but when
Our weapons touch our brothers, such
Leap up to life again.

Yet though Heaven's light streams after us,
Our Captain looks not back, but sees
The fight ahead, where turneth red
The city, to its lees.

He draws us on into the glare,
Into the heat and traffic's roar;
He shineth there surpassing fair—
He storms the midnight's core,

Crying back to us, "Follow Me!
Ye are my own, my chosen band!
Strike for your Lord! The heavenly sword
Shall triumph in your hand!"

Christ God, let us not flinch from Thee!
Quicken us now with inner might
To stand and press, mid storm and stress,
Thy battle through the night;

Seeing the day that is to dawn,
When through the street, the mart, the slum,
The truth is known, thy triumph shown,
Thy heavenly kingdom come!

KING OF MEN

I AM the King of Men ; the world
Is mine by right of love ;
And farthest kings bring offerings
My power supreme to prove.

My kingdom is not of this world,
Yet in the world it sows
Its seeds of might and heavenly light,
And through the world it grows.

He most is king who most hath learned
Of Me to love his own ;
The sovereign state alone is great
Where my decrees are known.

I judge between the lands ; I sway
The nations with release
Of love, till range in interchange
Of service, all in peace.

For men to me are men ; I know
Nor race nor clime ; the Son
Of Man am I, and draw thereby
The race of men in one.

And yet, though King of Kings and Lord
Of Lords, I walk the ways
My subjects go, that I may know
Each toiler, face to face.

I

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE

LEAGUES and leagues of grass
That stretch to the sky,
Where the gray dream-ships pass—
Yet bound am I.

Fathoms and fathoms of air
To the silent rest
Of the spaces, everywhere—
Yet I am oppressed.

Steeds of wind and fire
That mount and flee
With all my heart's desire—
Yet I am not free.

II

IN THE TOWN

A window and a hearth
And one I love,
And four red walls of earth
Give room to move.

A workshop and a tool
And practiced skill,
And on a narrow stool
I work my will.

A fane, a human hush,
A voice of prayer—
And worlds asunder rush,
For Heaven is there.

ONE IN CHRIST

O IF the soul could ever reach the height
To yield its life's full truth in look and tone
Always and ever—never with a screen
Of pride or doubt or conscious void between—
If men were kin, as now are flesh and bone,
And mingled as the common rays of light!

If faith might never waver—if we knew
With all our strength of thought, that God is
true,
And that the human soul is true to Him
In essence, howsoever its light grow dim—
If we could hold those moments high and few
When we seem his—and all the wide world,
too!

If we could trust our kind as He alone
Trusted, who walked of old in Palestine;
Who gave Himself in city, field, or lake,
To whomsoever had the will to take—
The Water and the Bread of Life, the Vine,
The Way, the Truth, the Life, to everyone!

Who knew the depth of darkness, needed not
That any should tell Him what was in man;
O infinitely pure—infinite pain
Must wring from Him the drops of bloody rain;

He knew it all, yet freely He began
To do and teach—his Father taught Him
what!

Centered and fixed in truth, storms could but
prove
The strength of his free spirit: mocked, de-
spised,
Betrayed, denied, deserted of his own,
He trod the bitter wine-press all alone,
And rising, claimed of all, and agonized
Peter, the worship and the works of love!

O Christ, we feel thy love inflame our own!
In Thee we rise, and break the bands of fear;
Thy light of truth we see, O Christ, we see,
In power divine to set our spirits free!
We walk and leap and own thy Godhead, clear
Of the impotence which all our life has known!

O strong at last in thy love's conquering might,
May we not stand confest upon the earth
The sons of God? May we not clear away
With hands of love and faith, the blinding clay
That binds our brother, till a new, free birth
The sons of men with Thee in God unite?

BLIND OF SPIRIT

O THAT mine eyes might see the Lord divine!
O that mine ears might hear his accents
sweet!

O that some costly spikenard were mine,
That I might pour it on his weary feet!

How would I wipe them with my cov'ring
hair—

Judas and the disciples all forgot—
How would I break my soul to Him in prayer,
Enraptured at his word, "Rebuke her not!"

O blind of spirit! Shall we never see
The living present with its certain task,
But still demand, with sons of Zebedee,
The impossible? We know not what we
ask!

Great Christ, teach Thou our hearts a humbler
prayer,
Worked out through hands and lips and
bended knee
Before thy mortal suffering, everywhere,
And through thy human garment touching
Thee!

LOAVES AND FISHES

DEAR CHRIST, the hungry multitude
Bids all within us rise,
For our feet stand where Thou hast stood
And Thou dost light our eyes.

We see them fainting, scattered far,
Their own need half unknown,
As sheep without a shepherd are—
Thy burden in us grown.

Our hearts leap up at Thy command,
"Give ye to them to eat,"
But see how paltry in our hand
Our basketful of meat!

Our loaves and fishes, what are they
Among so many, Lord?
How can we send them filled away
Who can so scant afford?

Yet in thy face sufficiency
Of every good we find,
And bring our little store to Thee
With free and trusting mind.

Thou canst not fail—we know not how,
Nor question overmuch—
But all Thou touchest, this we know,
Increases at thy touch.

Bless Thou, O Christ, our humble food,
Our fishes and our bread;
So shall the hungry multitude
Abundantly be fed.

Bless Thou, O Christ, our human good
With thy divinity;
So shall the hungry multitude
Feed in their hearts on Thee!

INSCRIPTION FOR A CHURCH DOOR

Dost know our Master? O stand not without!
Soul of our soul—thou canst but be at home;
Rest here, unfold thy heart and speak of Him!

Dost know Him not? O enter, in his name!
We bid thee welcome as thou wert Himself
And pray thou find Him in this house of his!

A SONG OF GOD'S HOUSE

God in our hearts doth call
And bids us gather here;
He is the Father of us all
And we are brothers dear.

Christ Jesus, his dear Son,
Has opened wide the door—
Makes us joint heirs with Him, each one—
He would not have one poor.

Here must we freely give
All men an unfeigned love,
Seeing the very life we live
Comes down from God above.

Yea, each must fully know
His life as ours is priced,
Seeing that all we have we owe
Unto our Brother, Christ.

For so are we God's sons,
Bound up by Christ's new birth
In brotherhood, that through us runs
Transforming all the earth;

Bringing the sons of strife
To gather without fear
Into one family, whose life
Rises and centers here.

A PRAYER OF THIS AGE

THY Messenger of grace,
Thy promised Spirit, Lord,
Grant, to sustain, recall thy Face,
And quicken all thy word!

Grant Him in this our age,
To these our hearts, that we,
Who look upon an ancient page,
Its inward light may see.

Grant Him to these our minds,
That wrestle with the world,
Until thy purpose in us finds
A way to be unfurled.

Grant to our wills, at last,
That resurrection dawn
When Thou Thyself, from the dead past,
Shalt rise and lead us on!

EVENSONG

JESUS, Good Shepherd, take us to thy fold!
We are weary and the night is falling cold;
No rest we know but thine all-watchful care—
Take us from the changing world to shelter
there.

Jesus, Good Shepherd, take us to thy fold!

If we have strayed from thy blest paths to-day,
If we have not hearkened to thy voice, we pray,
Chasten us duly, give repentance meet,
Only bring us back to rest around thy feet.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, take us to thy fold!

Thou who dost lay thy life down for the sheep,
We would on thy bosom all confessing weep;
For when night closes round our way at last,
Then we know that Thou alone canst fold us
fast.

Jesus, Good Shepherd, take us to thy fold!

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"THAT THEY MAY BE ONE"

Who names the name of Christ?
Who prays, "Thy will be done"?
Have neither hopes nor toils sufficed
To weld their hearts in one?

The passion of the Lord,
How worketh it in us?
How doth his quick and powerful word
Rend his own body thus?

The world of men, that drew
Him on to Calvary,
Why draws it us not thither, who
Partake his ministry?

All forms by which we came—
Were they not crucified,
If we his spirit caught, whose flame
Consumed Him, that He died?—

Believed that Spirit's power
To work, in deathless youth,
A new creation, in the hour
That it is sought in truth?

What form of words outworn,
Of uses, in that day,
Could stand between the world forlorn,
And Christ, where He doth pray?

Spirit of God, awake
In us! Let this vain show
Be done away, for Jesus' sake,
And that the world may know

The power of his love,
His resurrection's power,
To bring in one all men; and prove
His life each life's deep dower.

Convict, constrain us, search,
Till all be sacrificed,
And in thy Spirit thy whole church
Be born in one, O Christ!

IS GOD THE GOD OF THE WORLD?

Is God the God of the world,
Or only the God of a land?
Have other lands other Gods?
'Tis time we should understand
Whether we made Him ourselves,
Or He is the work of our hand!

Are we then children yet,
Like the Children of Israel,
To think the God of the world
Is our God, and loves us well,
But hates the rest of his sons
And daughters, and makes them for Hell?

Even when Christ has borne
Our sorrows in guiltless shame?
Even when we must plead
The grace of his love-strong name?
Even when love like his
Has set our own hearts aflame?

PRAY YE THEREFORE

O WHITE to the harvest is standing
The field of the world in our day:
The Lord of the grain is commanding
His servants to pray.

He would send us, but we are not ready;
Our hands are too weak for the task,
Our purpose too faint, too unsteady,
For all He would ask.

He would lift up our eyes till they meet Him,
Till his own eyes do light us, and show
All He sees—till we fall and entreat Him
To fit us to go;

Till we go in his strength, even weeping,
For stress of the labor that grieves;
Till we come in the joy of the reaping
Bearing with us our sheaves.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

O my brothers, we have seen them,
From the rising of the sun,
Where the ages ran between them
As eternal rivers run,
Where they slept a sleep no clamor
Of the nations yet could break—
We have seen them shake the glamour
From their eyelids, rouse and wake!

We have seen them at the portal
Flinging wide the crusted door,
Bursting in an hour the mortal
Roof-tree of the straitened yore,
Looking for a living rootage
Of the future, reaching hands
Westward, crying, "Share the fruitage
Of your years, O Christian Lands!"

O my brothers, dare we palter,
Grasp for gain, in such an hour?
Mumble at our prayers, and falter,
Holding back our utmost power?
Speak of trade, and speak of science,
Till our God by them is priced
Worthy scorn and all defiance?
Dare we give them less than Christ?

WHOSE SON IS HE?

Lo, we have heard his name, have seen his
works,

Have marveled at the gracious words that came
Out of his mouth, have followed Him about
Pondering all the things men say of Him—
And now He asks, "Who say ye that I am?"

Some say He is the carpenter: they know
The house where He abides; his brethren all
Are with them in their native town; his name
Has been a household word, since they re-
member.

He stood and talked with them, and with their
children;

Walked through their streets, sometimes with
dusty feet;

Sat round their fires; ate gladly at their board;
Wrought daily in their midst, as one of them.
They are offended in Him.

Others say

He is a prophet: that his spirit caught
The vision of seers and sages of all times
And nations. Some declare He is as great
As any, or as all the ancients. They
Are ready with their lips to honor Him,
But when they hear that calm command of his,

"Leave all thou hast, and come and follow Me,"
They heed it not.

Lo, we must answer Him,
For pausing in the solitary way
Where He leads men apart, He turns on us
A steadfast look, and asks us, "What say ye?"

We know what Peter said, so long ago;
But how shall we, who stand on continents
Undreamed by him, inhabiting centuries
Miraculous beyond his boldest leap
Of fancy when he stood and watched the wind
Upturn the blue deep of Gennesaret—
How shall we meet those deep eyes? How shall
we

Stop in this little by-path of the world
And lose ourselves forever?

Can we curb
The mind that has encircled the round globe—
Scanned it at large and closely, holding it
A unit in the heavens—measuring
The lands together with a span of steel,
Riding the sea's wet pinions, netting all
The nations with a fiery thread of thought,
Coursing the crystal currents of the air,
And soaring out into the infinite,
Finding its resting place in sun and star?—

Not only taming nature's monstrous powers
To be our ministers, but investing her
With what she had not without us—a voice—
The voice of truth—waking the silences
Through all the universe to speak with us—
Ever more plainly hearing, evermore
Catching the music of some farther star?
The mind, the will, that has encompassed this,
And still finds hunger grow with knowledge, till
It cries out for the infinite sweep of space
Wherein it may expand, and endless time—
Shall it be bounded in a narrow strip
Of Jewish sand, where Jordan and the sea
And Dan and Beersheba shut out the world,
And progress, science, history, and art?
Shall it rest back on three mysterious years
Once passed within that prison, and live o'er
And o'er again their incidents, as though
Time moved not, nor the wisdom of men grew?

Long since our vision pierced beyond the fog
Of superstition, to the light of law;
We see that reason rules the universe
And we are not afraid. We learn to grasp
The principles of reason for men's lives:
How health and wealth and peace are best
 secured
By knowledge, thrift, and virtue; how the wars
And tumults of the nations might be stilled

By simple justice; how truth and righteousness

Alone are strong, or can at last prevail.
The consummation of our knowledge, wrought
Out into life, lies far ahead, indeed;
But 'tis our goal. History heartens us;
The future calls us to it; why stand we
Gazing up into Heaven from Bethany
For one two thousand years evanished hence?

O vanity of human knowledge, thou
That lost us Eden! Thou dost lose us now
The light of truth which million suns and stars
But image faintly. So the Lord hath chosen
The weak things, as thou seest, to confound
The things thou callest mighty. They who
found

Nothing to boast of, all to wonder at,
Wild Peter and the sons of Zebedee,
Knowing so little, could believe all things,
Because their eyes were pure and free to see.
Where science stops to settle boundary lines,
They felt the unbounded potency of love,
That overflows all places, times, and forms,
That overflows all speech, for that itself
Is language to the living heart more clear.
What is our knowledge but a weariness
Of flesh and spirit, only as it yields
More sight to something higher? God is love!

And all the life that He creates is love,
With thought to know the joy of loving; truth
Itself is powerless till it throb to life
In love, for love is truth that breathes and
moves.

And as we gaze into those eyes of his,
That fisherman and publican could trust
With their whole soul at the word "Follow Me,"
That spoke his love to the young ruler's heart,
That wept above the city and at the tomb—
Those eyes wherein the lowly Mary found
A better part that could not pass away—
Those eyes so often raised to Heaven in prayer
And in thanksgiving—that so often held
His enemies nonplussed with their pure light—
Whose free, divine submission in the hour
Of treachery made armed men fall back—
Those eyes that looked on Peter, till he fled
From sight of them to outer dark and cold
And tears and bitter shame—they seem to bear
A light too holy and ineffable
For science to explain or space to hold,
For art to image, or for thought to compass.

And when we see Him with the multitude
Where the diseased of flesh and mind and soul
Crowded upon Him, hungry for the health
They felt but in his presence,—see Him move

Among them, touching them with tenderness
Of sympathy and power invincible,
Speaking to each the word he needed most,
Of comfort, or of courage, or rebuke;
Then see Him, bending, break to them the bread
Of life, his body, broken for their sakes—
Pour out his soul as water for their thirst,
Even unto death—we know Him present yet
By our own need of Him, and pressing near
We reach our longing hands to hold Him fast
And find we can but grasp his garment's fringe.

So truth breathed on us once—the truth indeed;

And still in him that hath not lifted up
His soul to vanity, nor sworn deceit—
Who has not said blasphemously, "Behold,
I know the uttermost that can be known,"
Or "Nothing can be known of certainty,"
Who sees in knowledge but the handmaiden
Of faith and hope and charity—within
The living heart beats true to truth, and finds
In Him the end of knowledge and the crown
Of being. O diviner than our thought,
We can but fall before Thee and adore,
Owning in Thee the infinite, wherein
The hunger of our souls immortally
Can find no lack! O height, O depth of love
Past power of ours to fathom, that Thou dost
stoop

To touch us with a human finger, break
The still, cold vault of death for us, with hands
Heavy with all the anguish of our sin!
Thou reachest those same scarred hands to our
blind

And stubborn doubt, and biddest us to be
Not faithless, but believing, and behold,
We find the power within us to obey!
The truth of Peter and of Thomas, yet,
Is truth to each heart, and to all the race.

Thought never yet could add a cubit's height
To human stature. Life alone can grow.
And herein lies the promise of that goal
Which reason sees, but shall not reach alone:
Love wakens love; life in thy life expands
Into thy likeness, wherein vital joy
Flows out spontaneous duty, perfecting
With natural freedom, reason's final truth.

And so the little coasts of Palestine
Could not contain Him, nor the cities old
Of Greece and Italy, nor all the states
Of rising Europe; but his light made glad
The dawning of the New World, and the Isles
Made ready for his tidings, and the lands
That sat in darkness and in death arise
To greet Him at his coming. Even now
We catch the Apocalyptic thrill of faith—

**“The kingdoms of this world are all become
The kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ.”**

**Nay, Nazarene, nor Galilean, now,
Nor Son of Time art Thou; the Living Truth;
The Light supreme that lighteth every man
That comes into the world, if he will see;
God, and the Word of God,—God’s Love de-
clared;
Man, and the Way to God,—man’s boundless
hope;
Behold, Thou art alive forevermore!**

EASTER MEDITATION

I

O god, they say,
Who most survey
The wondrous workings of thy mute creation
That every day
Ticks toward decay—
The centuries run down to desolation.

The blasted moon,
Defunct so soon—
A derelict upon the tides of nature—
A mindless loon—
Flits o'er our noon
And mocks the waxing of our stronger stature.

Great Mars, that rent
The firmament
And scattered living souls through fiery
spaces—
O mind intent,
He soon is spent—
His ocean sinks, his ditching interlaces!

Thy mysteries
Of sounding seas,
And all the music of thy cataract splashes,

And mists that rise
In sunset skies,
O Earth, dissolve in endless ether washes.

Thy leafy towers
And gay strewn flowers,
The snows that crown thy peaks of solid
granite,
Thy windy powers,
Thy days and hours,
Shall pass, and thou, a naked, sun-seared
planet,

Shalt fall again
Into that fen
Of dire corruption out of which thou camest;
To sons of men
What matter, then,
If thou dost honor them, or if thou blamest?

The nations all
That rise and fall,
Extinct, forgotten, pass their puny races;
Fair temple tall,
Proud judgment hall,
Disintegrate and perish from their places.

And thou, my land,
That now dost stand
Midway between the pales of deathly darkness,

No project grand
Thy genius manned
Shall stem the infinite with ghostly starkness.

Thy million tools,
Thy giant pools
Whereby thou pliest trade in such profusion,
Thy senates, schools,
Thy churches, rules,
Raised up in blood, sink back to dissolution.

O Man, at last,
Thy toil amassed,
Of knowledge, art, renown, and golden treasure,—
The storied past,
The future vast,
Fade out, both ways, in darkness without measure.

What thou hast done,
What thou hast won,
With pen or sword or plow or laboring hammer,
It all shall run,
Kissed by the sun,
In sudden flame the brief course of its glamour.

II

O Earth, so fair,
The lightest hair
Thou barest on thy reeling head is numbered:
For everywhere
Thy locks do flare
With waking of the immortal soul that slumbered!

Thine ocean tons,
Thy mountain thrones,
Have lifted him to power of appliance;
Thy creeping ones,
Thy circling suns,
Have wrought in him the sacred truth of science.

The little flower
That blows this hour
Opens to him a glimpse of joy and heaven;
Its sunny dower
Consumes, the power
Works on in him, a purifying leaven.

All beauty spread
On wood or mead
Makes beautiful his spirit that perceives it;
All radiance shed,
All rapture fled
From sky and sea—his inmost soul receives it.

The sculptured dome
Of Greece and Rome,
O Modern World, so sunken now and hoary,
Was once thy home
And treasured tome
Reveals thou yet hast not forgot its glory.

All history
Exists in thee;
Plato and Homer flourish in thy being;
Philosophy
And minstrelsy,
They blossom yet from out their thought and
seeing.

O Country mine,
These laws of thine,
These very stones thou pilest here together—
Each righteous line,
Shall deathless shine,
And weighty is the balance of a feather.

Thou shapest here
The princely peer,
The citizen of the Celestial City
To blazon clear
The thousandth year,
Thy truth, thy strength, thy justice, and thy
pity.

Labor, that set
His crown of sweat
Upon the brow that was to have dominion—
To do and get,
To hold and let,
To send and go at will on windy pinion—

His treasures fail:
Great wheel and sail
At every turn reseek the changing ocean;
But this avail
Survives the gale—
He freed himself who set the steel in motion.

And thou, O Art,
The spirit's mart,
Thou boastest not thy passing flame of glory:
That better part,
The human heart
Thou wakenest to living song and story.

III

Unceasing whirled,
This world on world
Is mixed through all the universal ferment:
In ashes curled,
Again unfurled,
Reissuing from innermost interment.

Through all thy range,
Immortal Change,
Thou travailest to yield the living spirit;
Dost rearrange
In symbols strange
A higher birth of being to inherit.

IV

God, who hast wrought
In earth this thought,
In senseless suns and stars this deathless passion—
The same that sought,
The same that taught
Us utmost love, revealed in human fashion—

Do Thou conduct;
Do Thou instruct
Us how thy love doth labor through creation:
While earth is sucked,
How man is plucked
From ruin on to honor and salvation.

This inmost rage
Of age on age,
If Thou and nature with the soul not juggle,
Is ours to wage—
Our heritage,
To learn, to love, to labor, and to struggle;

Pursuing still
The perfect Will,
The Love Divine, slain from the world's foundation;
Succumbing, till,
With reflux thrill,
Mutation rise again to revelation;

And everything
Bud forth and fling
About our path a radiance supernal,
And systems spring
New born to sing,
And man rejoice in life that is eternal;

And fellowship
Be strong and deep
With Him who gives us life and love and
beauty;
And men shall slip
The hand and grip
The Hand divine at every post of duty.

V

Earth's narrow room
Where we consume
This life, is drenched with Heaven, past our
perceiving;

Her darkened tomb,
The quickened womb
Whence issues new the life of our believing.

No more with fears
We plod the years,
Careful our feet shall find a narrow lodgment;
We look through tears,
O'er blinding blears
Millennial, and behold the day of judgment.

O never, then,
Fail heart or brain,
In thought or prayer or uttermost endeavor:
We wake again
Diviner men,
And tread the stars, with Him who died, forever!

SONNETS

I

"IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH"

Now, while the flood of youth flows fair and
free

And the bright blossoms bend above its brink—
While yet no broken reeds or dead leaves sink
Upon its tide—now, now, dear Lord, of Thee,
Whose hidden fountains feed the stream for
me—

Of Thee and of thy mercies would I think;
And trusting fearless to the faithful link,
The golden link of prayer, that I can see

Forever shining through the sunlit air,
With one end fastened to my slender bark
And one lost high above my vision's scope,
I need not dread the noonday's fiercer glare,
Nor the sharp rocks below, nor the chill dark,
But thank Thee, Lord, for life and love and
hope!

II

IN THE DELUGE

O thou who sendest forth from out thy ark
With glowing hand the silver pinioned dove
Of thy youth's holy and believing love,
To drive all day o'er widening waters dark
'Neath lowering skies—no resting-place—no
spark

Of kindred life, how far so e'er she rove,
Until at weary eve she backward move
And fainting gain again her lonely bark!

Doubt not! God giveth sleep! And after that
Send forth thy dove unwavering; she shall
bring

Her olive leaf at last, and Ararat
Shall yield her to the free, broad earth, to sing
Through all the budding woods, new garlanded,
With God's own rainbow arching o'er her head!

III

THE CLOUD

If I could pay a million for that cloud
And call it mine, and mount its lap of gold,
And wrap its glory 'round me, fold on fold,
My soul should soar, and nevermore be cowed!
O vain presumption, fatuous as proud!—
There should I breathe but thin and bitter cold,
And floods of foggy blackness 'round me rolled
Would swathe my senses in a deathly shroud!

But standing on the earth that bears and warms
This fragile flesh and blood, and stretching out
My empty hands, my short and feeble arms,
My soul is freed by passionate desire—
The cloud becomes my chariot of fire
And bears me up to Heaven with a shout!

IV

AFTER DOUBT OF IMMORTALITY

Yet, O my Mother, it cannot be so!
God does not give us love to mock our dust—
Love, that is always great with hope and trust;
God will not let my love and thy love go
Out into nothingness, nor count our woe
Of long-enduring separation just
The chasm which our generation must
Leave for some nobler love to overflow.

Thy love and mine were not destroyed by death,
Nor yet by life and changing scenes of earth:
My love remains for thee, so thine must be;
My love and thine demand eternity.
O why in some diviner, freer place,
May not our love grow perfect, with the race?

V

ON LOSING FAITH IN GOD

O death unspeakable! The universe
Is but a funeral pile of gilded stones
Where lie interred the Eternal Dead One's
bones.

Henceforth infinity doth but immerse
All being in death; life is a painted hearse,
A whited sepulchre, wherein who groans
A little moment, swift dissolving moans,
Whelmed in the doom of that all-blighting
curse!

Henceforth eternity doth but iterate
Cycles of death. Far evolutions mock
At earth; earth mocks at evolutions; shock
Of rising system or of falling state
Are one: all birth is death; all souls dilate
In chaos, reaching after death, their fate!

VI

ON DOUBTING THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

In the still upper chamber of my heart
Stand the eleven with bewilderment
Of sorrow, shame, despair, love, wonder, blent
Upon their faces. Lingering apart
From the blood-guilty nation's noisy mart,
They brood on all they late believed and meant
And question if in reason or intent
They were mistaken in the chosen part.

The doubt of Thomas and the love of John
Strive with the truth and guilt of Jona's son,
Faint hope of some, and grief of everyone.
But Judas is not there. O Saviour, view
That secret, bolted chamber, through and
through,—
Stand in the midst and say, "Peace be to you!"

VII

THE SERMON

I hold no word of what I heard that night,
But past the power within me to unroll,
My eyes beheld a vision of a soul
Who walked with God by faith, and found it
sight,
Whose steps were free and certain in that light,
Whom fear and agony could not control,
Who saw through storm and tumult still the
goal
Of peace his inward peace commanded. Height
Nor depth nor length nor breadth could ere
divide
Him from the truth he trusted, for he saw
Through all the world the working of that law
Whereby himself had triumphed; over all
And in all and through all he heard the call
Of love, that must at last be satisfied.

VIII

THE BLIND MAN

I know not how my tongue can speak aright
Of Who it was that found me by the way
Begging for bread, and pausing stooped to lay
His hands upon my lids, that longed for light,
And bade me wash—that I received my sight,
And the place where He met me, and the clay
He used upon me, and the water's spray,
Grew conscious with the presence of his might.

But this I know, that whereas I was blind,
Behold, I see, and I walk without fear,
And where I faltered once, the way is clear,
And all is broad that was of old confined,
And life is loosened in me, and I burn
With joy of my new sense, where'er I turn.

IX

ATONEMENT

I seem to see, O Christ, how Thou didst bear
My sin and all the world's upon the tree,
How all the blight of our iniquity
Came down on thy pure spirit, bowing there,
As thou didst utter that divinest prayer
Earth ever heard: for life was love to Thee
And love takes on itself the power to be,
In weal and woe, the creature of its care.

Thine infinite sympathy embraced, that hour
The race of men, past, present, and to be,
And more than thorns or nails or soldier's
sword,
The anguish of their guilt's undoing power
Wrung from thy soul that agonizing word,
"My Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

X

INEVITABLE

Thou Christ of God,, how couldst Thou enter in
To this world, but to die? The Prince there-
of—

Hadst Thou but bent the knee to him, that
strove

For thy submission—his son Thou mightst
have been,

And reigned, and having seen thine armies win,
Died honored; choosing only that bright Dove
That called Thee Son of God—being all
love—

Thou couldst but die, in such a world of sin!

Thou couldst but die—aye, and Thou couldst
but rise—

As sure as clay is clay, and God is God!

Earth could not hold Thee, nor the senseless
clod

Wherein the hardened hearts of men are cast—
Thou risest through our hearts—aye, Thou
dost rise

Through earth and Heaven, Immortal King, at
last!

XI

THE PIVOT OF THE WORLD

I dreamed 'twixt sleep and wake: the world was
one

Vast tumorous welter of black cloud, that
heaved

In the deep gloom wherein it was conceived.

My soul was whelmed therein and nigh undone.

Then 'gan faint streaks of gray to loom and
run

And filter through the dark, until they weaved

A web of twilight, wherein I perceived

The clouds move round me toward some dawn-
ing sun.

Then broke the gloom in rifts, even to the heart

Of the world, and I beheld where the deep
night

Gathered and fled away from utter light

About the uplifted cross; past the cross lay

The undreamed of glory, and all this cloudy
part

Slow turned upon it into all that day.

XII

BEREAVEMENT

We are born deaf and blind: the world is
round

Us, tabernacling all that is with clay,
When first we break into its mimic day;
For so God shuts our childhood in, to sound
Innumerable changing forms, till we have found
Some secret of his Presence—till we say,
“The world is shadow, and shall fade away,
At the end of time in some more vast pro-
found.”—

Say, but not comprehend,—till pangs of death
Strike through our flesh and blood, and at a
breath
Life of our life slips from our palsied ken
To realms unsearchable by our senses,—then
Is the world rent asunder as a scroll,
And God’s eternity bursts on the soul!

XIII

“WHOSE LOVES IN HIGHER LOVE ENDURE”

Nay, kneel not to me, Love, for I and Thou
Are not the deities we dream today—
Lest time should have us in derision; nay,
I stand no more if thou love-blinded bow,
Lest so I blot the worlds, and disallow
Unfathomed star-beams, darkening all thy
way;
Or else, at last, the universal ray
Ungild before thee my poor crescent brow.

But I will kneel with thee to God above,
Of whom are all things; in whose love is light
Illimitable; who giveth freely sight
To lifted eyes; who causeth us to shine
With image of his glory, and our love
To mount forever through the deep divine!

XIV

CUPID AND CHRIST

Blind guides there be that do afflict us still
And they have taken the blind heathen boy
And set him far above all Christian joy,
And bowed themselves to him, to have his will
In them, and bade our children drink their
fill

Of his untamed desire, who makes a toy
Of hearts and sets up houses to destroy,
That he may laugh when comes on them all ill.

Love's not our end, else were the generations
A treadmill and no more; nor perfected
Is man in woman nor woman in man, but Head
Of both is Christ, and built in Him shall stand
Their home inviolate, the whole creation's
Glory—without Him crumble on the sand.

XV

O BARREN EARTH!

O barren Earth, that wilt not yield thyself
Unto the brooding Heaven, that with cost
Unspeakable hath sought thee from the host
Of virgin worlds, desiring in thy delf
Of clay to form the image of itself—
Thou, who dost dare deny the Holy Ghost!
Shut in thyself thou diest, and art lost,
Girdled with all thy glory and thy pelf!

O shrink no more the travail and the might,
But know the joy thereof! Thou who hast
said

“I will be free,” confess thy being’s Lord
In whom alone thyself is perfected;
Yea, bid the Bridegroom enter to his right,
And endless life flow forth from deep accord!

XVI

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Jesus, ere yet thy star of old had shone
In the East, the rabble hither, thither, turned
Crying, "Lo here! Lo there!" Pure spirits
yearned

Continual in the temple, sensient grown
To gleams of heavenly glory; longing, lone,
Wise hearts afar the thrilling time discerned;
God's power on Mary's innocence burned;
And Herod trembled: so wert Thou fore-
known!

Even so this whole, earth-giddy, later earth,
Still turning on itself, hath almost run
Another circle of its center sun;
Lo here, lo there, they cry, "A heavenly star!"
The watchers catch a glimmering afar,
And pure hearts travail for thy modern birth!

XVII

OUR STAR

Star of the East, that issuedst toward the
West,

Rising from age to age with light more grand
On new born nations, on each virgin strand—
Still drawing forth the wisest and the best
From out the failing past, till Thou didst
rest

In these last days above my native land!
Star of the East, whereby we hope to stand
Till through us all the race of men is blest!

Unfold thy heart! And O, with all our heart,
May we acknowledge Thee, that we no more
Go hence, nor perish from our place, but here
Be brought forth new from age to age in fear
And love of thy great light, and on this shore
Thy heavenly glory work its saving part!

XVIII

AMERICA AND THE HAGUE

O my dear Country, thou canst never dare
Deny the Court of Peace! Thou, who art
 hope
Of the world's weary nations; 'neath the slope
Of whose spread wings they seek a sheltering
 care
Like to the care of God! Thou, who must
 share
Christ's saving travail for their sons who grope
Through toil to thee; must in thy members cope
With all their war, in strength of naught but
 prayer!

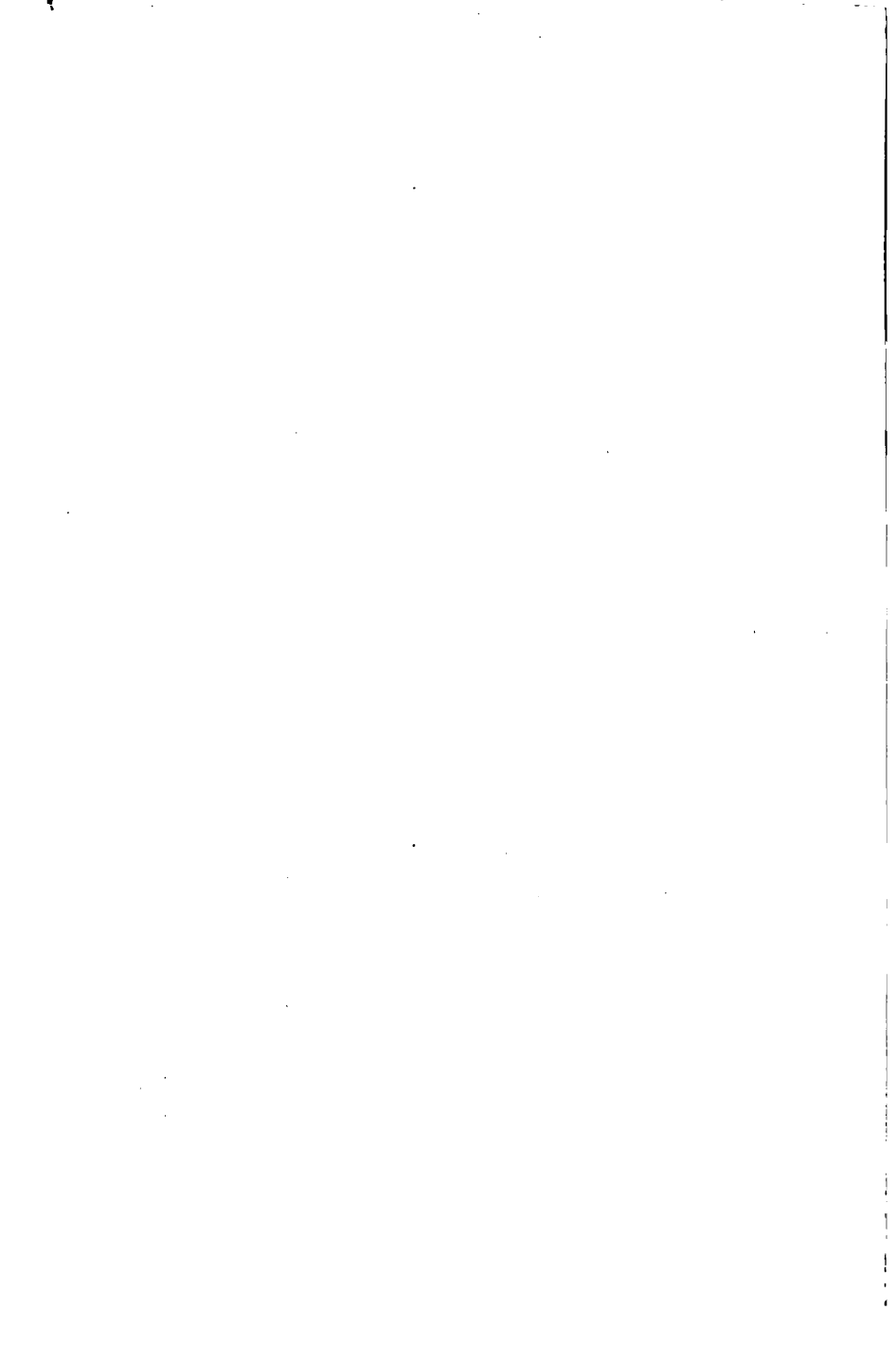
Nay, but thou must be first to own that Court
And set it as a crown upon the brow
Of Christ, the King of nations. First must
 thou
Confess his heavenly rule thy last resort,
Even as it is: so shall He judge thy cause
And 'stablish it in his unfailing laws.

XIX

THE WORLD'S STAR

Star of the East, that travelledst towards the
west,
Bringing a new creation from the night
Of heathen darkness to thy marvelous light,
That shinest now upon the foremost crest
Of this our human tide, that quickenest
Remotest shores with currents of thy might,
Till they who saw not, with desire of sight
Turn all ways through the world in eager
quest!

Complete thy course and shine upon the East,
Till every race and every tongue be bound
In the gold circle of thy perfect round;
Till pestilence and war from earth have ceased
And every nation find its final good,
Its highest self, in thy high brotherhood!





RM.

